

THE  
SCHOOL DEPARTMENT,  
PEN.

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Published by the Students of the Pittsfield High School.

December, 1895.

*Joyce Vander Bogart*

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# The Student's Pen.

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## ○ ○ ○ Editorials ○ ○ ○

The fall term of school is nearly over, and we will soon see the P. H. S. doors closed for a whole week. Just think of it! What can we find to do outside of school for a week? We doubt if this question be found very difficult of solution when that week arrives.

Nothing very noteworthy has happened so far this term. A few visitors have strayed in our doors and, by the way, if some of our Newfoundland friends should come in with an appetite in proportion to that displayed by the small dog

which we entertained a week or two ago, we are likely to loose the whole building. We said the dog which we entertained, but to put it more correctly, it was the dog which entertained us.

We have also had an opportunity this term for studying the working of our great city election. What a noble and enlightening sight it is; the sight of the citizens of Pittsfield gathered about the polls for the purpose of declaring their honest, impartial decision as to who they

think most worthy to conduct our municipal affairs; such a sight, for instance, as greeted our eyes on December 3, on the second floor of the school building. The two above mentioned occurrences are about the only ones which have varied the monotony of these fifteen weeks.

And now as we leave school for the mid-winter vacation *PEN* extends its hand to you and wishes you a merry Christmas.

"Fair Harvard" has lately taken a position which has caused some comment among athletes. The faculty suspended the captain of the football team from his position on the team for neglect of study. This seemed rather hard, perhaps, on the captain, but nevertheless it was a just and proper course of action.

Now football is a beneficent and enjoyable game and we should not care to see it abolished. But when it becomes the one thing, the objective point for the efforts of American students, it is time the authorities tightened the reins a little. Our colleges were built and many of them—Harvard especially—liberally endowed, primarily, for the training and educating of the intellect and not simply for athletic sport. And while football and rowing and all athletics that tend to perfect one physically are commendable and to a certain extent indispensable, it is unquestionably true that their sole value in college life lies in making the boys better students. The aim of a college education is to prepare a student for a more advantageous start in life and that, too, by training his mind. When this is neglected for more pleasing but less instructive work, or rather play, then it is time to call a halt.

As *PEN* is offered to the public through the third issue of the third volume, we feel that we should express our gratification at the reception given it this term. We wish to thank the pupils for their generous response to our appeal for subscriptions and especially do we tender our thanks to the class of '99. We wanted very much to present a turkey on

Thanksgiving day to each member of the faculty and of the editorial board, and we feel sure that we never could have done so had it not been for the enormous number of subscriptions received from the Freshmen. The business manager says that if the other classes would only exert themselves as the Freshmen have done we would simply be compelled to print more papers.

But seriously, we have received such substantial support that we have decided to add to the value of our paper and so, in every other issue we will print a full page, half-tone of some of the views of Berkshire. These views are from photographs of the most common and yet the most beautiful "looks at the hills and valleys of Berkshire," and we hope that they will prove to be cherished souvenirs of our high school days.

Pittsfield passed her seventh city election December 3. There was not much unusual stir during the day, and little demonstration. The contest for mayor was not very close and we extend our congratulations to Mr. Hawkins, our mayor elect. But the saloon fight was a great deal sharper this year than last year. Two years ago Pittsfield was carried by no license and last year by license, and now we must say that the majority of voters believe that our streets were cleaner last year than they were the year before, that our merchants prospered more and that our city flourished to a greater degree last year, in fact that the saloon proved much more beneficial and uplifting to their city than the absence of the saloon could have done. They believe this, because they voted, of course, as they believed. So we must spend another year enduring these resorts and their works as we have spent the past year, and may we grow stronger and stronger in our opposition to the saloon at the disgusting sights presented by the bar-room. If one year of experience is not a sufficiently convincing proof of the harm of saloons in a community, perhaps two may be. We trust that they will be.

The disturbances in Armenia are attracting the attention of the foremost powers of Europe and America, and an attention too, which has been demanding, and seems to be gaining, recognition among the Turks themselves. The Turkish soldiers have attacked town after town and massacred the citizens or else made them captives. In most cases, however, the citizens were murdered.

This disturbance is of considerable importance to Turkey on two or three accounts. The country is under a miserable and corrupt government, which sooner or later must give way to honest ruling. The Armenian massacres, if not instigated by the Turkish rulers, at least have been permitted by them with scarcely any opposition.

The people are devout followers of a heathen religion, which was given by Mohammed and, as a rule, are ignorant. Foreign powers are demanding protection for their residents in Turkey and Armenia, and the sultan, as we go to press, seems to be giving way to these demands. Taken altogether there are fair chances of permanent changes in Turkey before the Armenian troubles are finally settled.

#### THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

The Cotton States' Exposition, which is being held in Georgia's capital, although by no means of as much importance as the World's Fair recently held in Chicago, is a very beautiful and interesting sight.

The exposition was opened about three months ago with very appropriate ceremonies.

About \$1,000,000 was expended in increasing the attractiveness of the naturally beautiful grounds. Artificial lakes were constructed on which are electric launches and gondolas for the conveyance of the visitors.

I fear my readers would find a list of the numerous buildings very tiresome, so I will name only a few of the largest, or most interesting.

If we could visit this exposition, the Manu-

facturer's and Liberal Arts building would probably greatly attract our attention. The building is 206 feet in width, 356 feet in length, and 90 feet in height, with side and end galleries.

Perhaps the next attraction for us would be the Woman's building, designed by a woman, as was the one at Chicago. It contains many charming rooms, among which are the library, the colonial tea-room and the assembly room. This assembly room was completed October 10, and it has been beautifully decorated through the efforts of Mrs. Simmons of South Carolina. There is an excellent display of women's work, including books, musical compositions, magazines, patents, inventions, etchings, paintings, architectural designs, etc.

In connection with the Woman's building, I will speak of the Woman's Congress, one of the most notable features of the exposition. The meetings are held under the auspices of the committee of congresses of women, of which Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon is chairman. This committee has invited many organizations to describe their work. The meetings of some of these organizations are held two days, others only one.

The Negroes' building we should also find of great interest. It is filled with household and agricultural implements manufactured by the negroes. The principal feature of the art section is a life-sized plaster statue of a shackled slave, the work of a Washington negro, while in another department is a beautiful display of baskets made by African negroes.

On October 23, President Cleveland, with the vice-president and part of the cabinet, visited the exposition. The address of welcome was delivered by President Collier. At noon there was a military parade, in which United States regulars from fort McPherson and volunteers from Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia participated. After that the president and his companions visited the various buildings, and they every

where received very enthusiastic greetings from the crowds who were eager to see the nation's highest officials. The presidential party returned to Washington in the evening of the same day.

I have heard it reported that the average number of visitors is ten thousand per day, but as it seems that such an interesting exposition should draw a much larger number of sight-seers, I will not vouchsafe for the correctness of this statement.

CRISS, '98.

### From Other Papers.

#### THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"Tempus fugit," said the Romans ;  
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on :  
    Ever coming,  
    Ever going,  
Life is short and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation ;  
Poring o'er these lessons huge,  
    Ever harder,  
    Ever longer,  
All I say is "let her fuge!"

—F. K. Blake, Yale.

#### HOW ABOUT IT?

How dear to hearts is  
    Cash on subscription,  
When the generous subscriber  
    Presents it to view ;  
But the man who don't pay—  
    We refrain from description,  
For, perhaps, gentle reader,  
    That man might be you.

—Ex.

Herr Hoffman spent the season  
    In the Appalachian range,  
His one important reason  
    Was, he wanted rest and change.  
  
He enjoyed the summer greatly,  
    Met many a pleasant guest ;  
But the waiters got the "changa,"  
    And the landlord got the "rest."

—Ex.

#### SOME AND OTHERS.

You who feel the joy of sunbeams,  
    Tell me what I long to know,  
Why the favored few have heart gleams,  
    And the many more have woe.

Have you ever thought while thronging  
    Earth pours treasures at your feet,  
There are hearts that, barren, longing,  
    These pure gems of earth ne'er meet ?  
  
When you hold the cup of pleasure,  
    Sparkling, glowing, to your lip,  
Have you ever tried to measure  
    Thirst of those who never sip ?

When the melody of heaven  
    In your heart pours some sweet strain,  
Thought thou that to some are given,  
    Songs with but a sad refrain ?

While your soul is filled with gladness  
    By the love of dear ones true,  
Some there are that, in their sadness,  
    Never know this love like you.

—Forest.

#### UP TO DATE.

There was a little girl,  
    And she had a little curl,  
Which hung right down on her forehead ;  
    But she went to the shore,  
    And the lock curled no more—  
The things which she said were something horrid.

—Orescent.

#### SAVING.

I must commend Jeannette and John ;  
    Their thrift could never be outdone,  
Though twenty chairs are in the room,  
    Night after night they use but one.

—Academian.

There was a man in our town,  
    And he was wondrous wise, sir ;  
He knocked his business cold because  
    He ceased to advertise, sir ;  
And when his goodly biz was down,  
    He roared with might and main,  
Then jumped into the newspapers  
    And advertised again ;  
And when he advertised again,  
    His business took a rise, sir ;  
And from that moment until this  
    He's been an advertiser.

—Ex.

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

The following story was found not many months ago among the papers of a recently deceased gentleman who was graduated years ago from the small New England college where the scene of the incident is laid. It had evidently been written for publication, but something, we know not what, interfered, and now for the first time the musty manuscript, yellow with age and scarcely readable, is unrolled to the light of day. The tale is somewhat similar to a tradition that has been handed down from one generation of students to another and is still current among the members of the old institution. Now for the story:

I had been spending the evening in a distant part of the town and it was nearly twelve o'clock when I arose to go. The beautiful January moon shone brightly and newly fallen snow glistened on the ground and along the fences.

When I was about half a mile from the college dormitory, I heard footsteps behind. They approached rapidly and were accompanied by an ominous clanking of metal. I quickened my pace, somewhat frightened, I confess, and glancing nervously behind me at intervals. The mysterious creature came on all the faster, it seemed to me, and the frightful rattle sounded louder every moment.

Looking back suddenly, a sight met my eyes that chilled me to the very marrow. A tall, gaunt figure with a long, unkempt beard and shaggy hair, clad in ragged garments and without covering for his head or feet, stood out in the moonlight, glaring at me with an eye of unspeakable fierceness. I dashed up the dormitory hill, hoping to escape the maniac and the rattling chains that dragged from his feet along the ground. But he sprang after me with a hideous cry of anger and soon I thought I felt his hot breath.

I leaped up the stairs, rushed into my room and tried to close the door. But my pursuer was too quick for me. He pushed his lean,

wiry body into the room and closed the lock with a snap.

Bathed in freezing perspiration and trembling in every joint, I retreated to the farthest corner. The frightful creature all the time groaned most dismally, gnashing his teeth and struggling to reach me. I wondered what held him back, but I soon saw that the ball of the chain was on the outside, the man having closed the door too quickly. The door did not reach quite to the floor so that there was a space of at least an inch for the chain to pass through. In his delirium, the madman knew not how to operate the rude fastenings that served as a lock. In spite of his violent attacks, the heavy iron braces on the door held firm.

The uproar soon brought out all the fellows, but not one dared to enter the room. The moments seemed ages. My heart leaped and bounded until it seemed that it must burst. I was in a paroxysm of despair.

Suddenly a form appeared at the window; the barrel of a gun was thrust in, there was a blinding flash, a thundering report, and amid the thick, black smoke the madman pitched forward on the floor. A gaping wound in his neck told the story. It appeared that my chum across the hall, realizing my predicament, had hastily procured a ladder, and carried away by the horror of my situation, had shot down the murderous intruder.

Our position, however, was not one to be envied. To deprive a human being, even a worthless maniac, of the life that the Creator gave him was no trivial matter. Being young and of a solicitous disposition, through fear of the serious consequences that we imagined would necessarily follow my friend's rash deed, we all swore to keep the affair a close secret as long as my chum lived. Then quickly choosing a secluded spot in the neighboring woods, we dug a deep grave and laid the poor, worn body away, destroying as far as possible every clue that might lead to its discovery.

Last night I received a letter informing me of the death of my old chum in a South African mining town. The bond of secrecy now being loosened, I give the story to the world.

B. J. F.

#### LONGINGS.

I have often longed for a leafy wood,  
When the city grew hot and dry,  
For the "mossy bank" that you read about,  
And the "brook that bubbles by."

I have longed to wander far from home,  
To see what there is to see  
In beautiful Venice, in grand old Rome,  
In the lands of war and tea.

I have longed for money, with it to gain  
Jewels, dresses, and endless things,  
A mansion where like a queen I'd reign  
Forgetful of Time's fleet wings.

I have longed for fame to write a book  
That would stir the hearts of men,  
That would cause them with wonder and awe to look  
On the work of a woman's pen.

Oh, I have had longings for many things,  
Longings both great and small,  
But the longing for dinner, that sixth hour brings,  
Is the mightiest one of them all.

—Ex.

#### CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

It was a glorious night, this Christmas eve of which I write, just such a night, indeed, as one instinctively thinks of in connection with Christmas festivities. In the afternoon the wind had been blowing and there had been a slight snow squall, but at sunset the wind had died down, leaving the air clear and cold. Even the stars which studded the heavens seemed to be exerting themselves to shine more brightly than ever before, as they looked down on the merry crowd of purchasers in the city streets below.

Men, women and children thronged the streets, with their arms full of mysterious packages. The stores, too, were crowded, and the clerks and cash boys were kept ever on the alert to attend to the multitude of buyers who continually pressed against the counters. Rich

and poor stood side by side with the same purpose at heart, and while the wealthy mother smiled at the thought of her darling's pleasure over some costly toy, the face of the poor woman next her was radiant with the thought of her little one's happiness, when he discovered the ten cent jumping-jack in his stocking the next morning.

The Christmas fairies, sweet messengers of love and good will, were out in full force. They flew rapidly hither and thither, now tucking a loaf of bread under some hungry child's arm, now buying the flowers of some discouraged little flower girl, and now, perhaps, entering a rich man's handsome home, and whispering some message to him which brought the almost forgotten smile to his face. The strongest of bolts and bars could not keep out these little elves, and the most surly countenance could not repel them. Their mission was to make happiness and most successfully did they fulfill it.

The crowd, for the most part, was a regular Christmas eve crowd, with happy hearts and faces, but one man, as he slowly picked his way along, struck one as being out of place. He was not in harmony with his surroundings. He walked as if very tired, and his eyes, which were all of his face which could be seen above the collar of his great coat, were sad and weary looking.

Somewhere in that city, Hugh Stanhope, for that was the man's name, knew that wife, child and home awaited him, and ill though he was, he had travelled many miles that day that he might reach home before Christmas. I say, he knew, but perhaps that is too strong an expression. He had received no word from his wife since he left for the west three years before, but hope was a strong force in Hugh Stanhope's life, and he would never give in to the fear that anything had happened to them in his absence.

Three years before, as Hugh and his wife Mildred were sitting together a fortnight before Christmas, planning what Santa Claus was

to bring to their little son, a letter had come for Hugh, which entirely changed the current of their thought. It was from an old friend who had gone to Southern California for his health. The letter said that even California air had failed to bring him back to health, and the doctor had told him that he could not possibly live through the winter. Would it be too much to ask his old chum to come and be with him at the last? "I will bear all expense," he wrote, "I only beg you to come if possible."

For a long time that night Hugh and Mildred considered the matter. It was out of the question for Mildred and the boy to go, and to be separated at this time of the year especially, was very hard. But, on the other hand, Hugh could not make up his mind to deny the last request which his friend would make of him. So it was decided that he should start in a few days, a short delay being necessary to get his business ready to leave, and to arrange for some relative to come and stay with Mildred.

He had bidden his wife and boy good-bye, fully expecting to be with them in a few months at the farthest, and three years passed before he saw them again. He had arrived in California only to learn that he was too late, his friend having passed away sooner than was expected. So, keenly disappointed, he had set out immediately for home. On the way, however, he was hurt in a railway accident, and his back being seriously injured, he was laid up for months in a western hospital. Being too ill himself to move for many weeks, or even to think, he did not see the report of the accident given in the newspapers, but from the report which was sent to the eastern papers, Mildred learned that Hugh Stanhope had been killed outright in a terrible railway accident. She had written at once to the place of the accident, but could learn nothing further. A pocket-book containing a slip marked "Hugh Stanhope" had been found at the place. Nothing further could be ascertained.

In his eagerness to reach home, Hugh had

left the hospital before his strength had sufficiently returned, and had gone but a little way before he suffered a relapse. This time it was nearly a year and a half before he could venture to set out, and even then he was far from having his full strength. However, after many delays, he at last reached the city a few hours before the time of my story.

Disappointment seemed to await him at every turn. Immediately on his arrival, though physically very weary, he made his way, buoyed up by hope at every step, to his old home. Just as he was about to walk in without ringing, the thought came that possibly they might have moved, and he rang the bell. The servant who answered the door civilly asked him what he wished. On his asking if Mrs. Stanhope lived there, she replied that she believed a widow by that name had moved away from there some two years before. She did not know where she had gone.

Bitterly disappointed, he turned away. Where was he to go next? Presently, he sought out some of his old business friends. They wrung his hand, and spoke hearty words of welcome, but were unable to tell him what he most wished to know. One said that he believed Mrs. Stanhope had left town shortly after the accident in which he was thought to have been killed.

Again he went out into the street, and walked anywhere, blindly, to escape his torturing thoughts. Still hope would not forsake him, and the Christmas fairies were even then preparing something brighter for him. At this juncture, he is introduced to the reader.

Just as he was thinking that he must step in at the first restaurant, and get a lunch to revive him, a little newsboy accosted him. He was a thin slip of a chap and his hands were blue with cold.

"Evening paper, sir?" he began in his shrill voice, but ended by saying in a pleading tone: "It's my last one, please buy it, sir."

Hugh hesitated, but at last, thinking he might as well get it both to please the little

fellow, and to amuse himself while waiting for his lunch, he tossed the boy a nickel and took the paper.

It may seem strange that there were no friends to whom Hugh could go to ascertain his wife's whereabouts, but they really had no intimate friends in the city. Previous to his unfortunate western trip, they had lived there but a short time, having come from another part of the country, and the few notes which Hugh had been able to write his wife had never reached her, for on hearing of her husband's death she had left the city almost immediately for her old home. But she was very restless, and could not stay long in one place. She made several visits, and finally returned to settle down in the city where she had last seen Hugh. And in spite of the long silence, in spite of that newspaper report, sometimes the thought would come to the lonely wife that possibly Hugh was not really dead, and that she might see him again.

Well, as I said, Hugh bought the paper and presently he stepped into a restaurant and ordered a lunch. While waiting to be served, he carelessly looked over the paper. He had no special interest in it but simply thought it would help to pass the time. But presently, as he was glancing casually down a list of advertisements his eye fell on his own name, Stanhope. He looked again, and what he saw there caused the blood to rush through his veins with renewed vigor. It was an advertisement inserted by Mrs. H. W. Stanhope, giving her address, in that very city where he had hoped to find her. Without waiting for his lunch he sprang to his feet, and rushed into the street. Here was hope that he might yet be with his loved ones at blessed Christmastide, and it made a new man of him. Hailing a hansom, he was soon on his way to Mildred. To be sure, it might be some other Mrs. H. W. Stanhope in the city, but mercifully that thought did not come to mar Hugh's joy, and time proved that it was not the case.

And now, leaving Hugh Stanhope to his

own happy thoughts let us take a look into the home toward which he is hastening.

The house stood at the end of a street of magnificent residences, but was itself much less costly. The family had never been wealthy, and since Mildred was left alone, she had been obliged to live wholly upon what money she held in her own right. This was not a large sum, but it enabled her to live comfortably if not luxuriously. But if the house was not costly and beautiful with architectural designs, it was what might be called a "homey" house. The very outside seemed to invite one to come in, and once inside one would not willingly change for the most magnificent drawing room in the city. On this Christmas eve the parlor of this little home looked particularly inviting. Christmas trimmings of holly and evergreen wreaths gave the room quite a festive appearance, while the bright fire glowing in the open grate furnished the only light.

Little Hugh Stanhope (now a bright boy of six years) and his mother made a very pretty picture as they sat by the open fire in their cosy home. All the evening the little fellow had been plying his mother with questions.

"Who is Santa Claus? Who are the Christmas fairies and what do they do?" he asked, and his mother patiently answered these and a multitude of similar questions. At last bedtime came and little Hugh went happily to bed, sure that Santa Claus with his reindeer was even then on the way to the chimney-top. But some thought must have come to his loving, childish heart that mamma was possibly not as happy as he, for his last sleepy murmur, as Mildred kissed him good-night was, "Please, God, make the Christmas fairies make my dear mamma very happy." Then he went to explore the realms of dreamland, where wonderful visions of cars, boats, drums and books passed in quick succession before his eyes.

Soon Mildred came out and reseated herself by the fire. And almost against her will, the tears would come as she thought of happier Christmases which could never come again.

But as she sat there, suddenly the door bell was rung violently, and before she had time to get to the door, a tall, manly figure stepped into the hall. She gave one look at that handsome face, and then a loud cry burst from her lips, "Oh, Hugh! my husband!" Another moment and Mildred was folded in her husband's arms.

What they said that night is too sacred to repeat. But a husband and wife were once more united, and another home was made happy, at this season of love and cheer.

Christmas morning Hugh told Mildred about the little newsboy, and how he had come so near not buying the paper. At the word newsboy, little Hugh, who had been playing with his new treasures in another part of the room, hurried up to them. Boy-like, he was ever ready to hear a story about another boy. Then Mildred told him how the little boy had begged papa to buy his last paper and how papa had hesitated but finally bought it to please the little fellow. When told that unless the little newsboy had begged him to buy the paper, papa could not have come to them as a big Christmas present, a thoughtful look spread over his face.

"What is my little boy thinking of?" said his father.

The little fellow hesitated a moment, and then looking up brightly into his mother's face he said :

"What do you suppose made that boy come to papa with the paper? Was it the Christmas fairies, mamma dear?

And Mildred looking at him, through a mist of happy tears, answered, "I think it must have been, darling."

When the happy Christmas bells rang out that morning their message of "peace, good will to men," they found no truer, sweeter echoes than in the hearts of Hugh and Mildred Stanhope.



#### A PARADOX.

If Adam was the very first,  
Why then I need your aid,  
For 'tis extremely queer, how Eve  
Could be the first made.

#### THE SKATER'S LAY.

'Tis now the young gallant, forsooth,  
At eventide, with skates on arm,  
Calls for his maid, and there avows,  
He'll shield her from all harm.

With no misgivings does she trust  
In him who seems to be so bold;  
They bid adieux, they seek the pond,  
His wondrous feats to there unfold.

"Can you skate backwards sir," she said,  
"And make fantastic shapes, galore?"  
"Indeed I can, Miss Dash, I can,  
Now don't distrust me any more."

Not long ere this he kept his word,  
He saw the moon, the stars, alack,  
For he was showing with great pride,  
How he could skate upon his back.

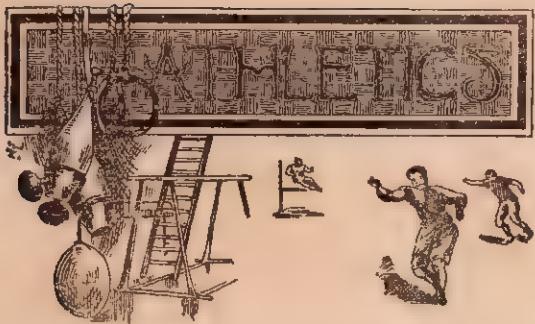
#### SHE CALLS BUT ONCE.

'Tis said that Fortune once an age,  
Calls every man to hear  
Her choicest words, her bounteous love  
For mankind, far and near.

Misfortune smiles on him, 'tis said,  
Whom Fortune does not find;  
And tho' he courts her inmost shrine,  
She leaves him far behind.

Another name by which she's known,  
Is opportunity,  
'Tis well for him who welcomes her—  
Ill he shall never see.

To him, who lets her glide along,  
Nor cares for one so gay,  
She ne'er returns his lot to cheer,  
Nor sings her roundelay.



Nov. 9, the Sedgwick Institute football team succeeded in defeating the Y. M. C. A. second eleven by one goal. The visitors were somewhat heavier than the home team, but they did not play as scientific a game as our boys did. Two fumbles by the home team lost a touchdown for them, and about the same as made one for the visitors. The visitor's best gains were made by massing their men at the center, which soon tired out our line. The visitors made a decided brace during the second half. The best work on the home team was done by Langdon, ex-'97, French, '99, Gamwell, '96, Sloper, '97 and Landgraff, ex-'96; while the Walsh brothers won the laurels for their team.

A game had been arranged for Nov. 16, between the Y. M. C. A. and Amherst, but at the last minute they sent word that they could not play; and, by some quick correspondence, instructor Waters secured the Holyoke Athletics. The game was very unsatisfactory in every way,—a great deal of rough playing being done by both teams. The visitors' captain was a gentleman, but the majority of his team were anything but the same. The home team had to promise not make their plays against certain men on the visiting team, as they were not in a hardened condition. By keeping this promise neither side scored in the second half, but as it was, the home team was the victor by the score of 12 to 0.

Nov. 20, the Y. M. C. A. second team defeated the Dalton team 34 to 0. During the first half, Dalton did not have the ball in her

hands except at the kick-off. In the second half, the visitors received the ball and had it long enough to make a four yards gain, when they had to surrender it to the home team. Captain Rockwell showed fine head work, and too much praise cannot be given the rest of the team for their fine display of scientific football.

Nov. 23, the best game of football ever seen here, was played between the Y. M. C. A. and Springfield Training School team. The field was in the worst condition possible, and few end plays which resulted in gains were made. The teams were about evenly matched in weight, but the defensive work of the visitors was weak while that of the home team was strong. It was the fastest played game of the season, the ball being no sooner touched to the ground than it would be put in play again. It was also the smoothest played game of the season, no rough work being done by either side. The game resulted in a victory for the Y. M. C. A., by a score of 12 to 6.

An excellent game of football was played here Thanksgiving day, when the Berkshire Athletics beat the Y. M. C. A. team 18 to 0. The Athletica were all old college players who had seen football in its best form, and who were able to give our team many valuable points. The visitors best play was a tackle tandem play which always resulted in a gain. The home team failed to play with the vim and snap which they have shown throughout the season, and this resulted in the failure to stop the visitors' two best gains, one of eighty yards and the other of fifty-five yards. Both runners made touchdowns.

Nov. 30, the Dalton and Y. M. C. A. second team played a game of football at Dalton, which resulted in a defeat for our boys. The Y. M. C. A. team was weakened, as it had to use some men who had never played on the team before. Burr and Charles Chamberlin, the former a member of the Yale varsity eleven, did the best work for the Daltons.

The second half was played in the moonlight.  
Score, 12 to 0.

PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL 4, LEE 0.

A picked-up High School team went down to Lee, Dec. 5, to try its fortune with the Lee boys. Although greatly excelled in weight and strength, the High School had better team work, and, on that account, won by a score of 4 to 0. The game started with a kick-off by Landgraff. The ball was returned to the center of the field, where each side repeatedly held the other on downs. It was clearly shown that neither side had much advantage. The first half ended with the ball on Lee's 40 yd. line. Halsey kicked off for Lee in the second half. Landgraff punted back and the ball landed on Lee's 45 yard line. Here it was fumbled and French dropped on it. In this half, the Lee tackles weakened and our backs were sent through for large gains. The ball was being steadily pushed toward the Lee goal, when, on the 25 yard line, Sloper circled right end, and aided by good interference, scored the only touchdown. For the rest of the time, the ball was steadily pushed toward the Lee goal and when time was called, it was on the 20 yard line. For Pittsfield, Landgraff, Sloper, Parker, O'Hearn, French and Langdon did the best work. Street, Killelea and Servin took off the honors for Lee. The chief features of the game were the line-bucking of Landgraff, the run of Sloper and the tackling of Street.

K., '96.

A TRAGEDY.

So pale and still the lady lay  
Like death did seem almost.  
Above her bends a man whose face  
Of love or pity holds no trace,  
And she moans in her troubled dream.  
Lower he leans. Then lifts his arm.  
A hurried flash—a gleam  
Of glist'ning steel! And his cold white hand  
With blood is stained like a scarlet brand,  
With blood that flows in a stream.  
Then the lady raised her drooping head.  
"Your tooth is out: two dollars!" he said.

—Ez.



Exchange Notes

For some reason we have not received one-half the number of papers sent out. It may be that those who have received our paper think it an inferior one, or they may be slow in responding, but it is certain that this matter of exchange is sadly neglected in some schools. We hope that hereafter we shall receive a better response to our request. If it happens that the paper to whom Pen is sent has ceased to be printed, it would greatly aid us if we could be notified of the fact. "Do unto others as ye would be done by."

One of our first exchanges to arrive was the Tabula from Torrington, Conn. This is a well written paper and shows that the students are interested in their school. This is what every school needs to carry on a paper. We notice that the editors of many of our exchanges are complaining because the students do not contribute more of the reading matter to the paper.

The Latin and High School Review contains a picture of its last year's football team. It also has a short sketch on the life of James Russell Lowell, together with his picture.

The Senior has a very pretty cover, but would be much improved if the advertisements were confined to the inside of the paper.

One of our latest exchanges is the *Illa Pörida*. Its chief feature this month is "A Thanksgiving on the Rio Grande." We should be pleased to receive this paper each month.

The *Helios* is a very neat paper, whose equal would be hard to find.

The *Lyceum Advocate* has been greatly improved by changing the size of the paper. The Girls' Literary Society of the school must be quite flourishing.

Teacher—Where was the *Magna Charter* signed?

Bright Pupil—At the bottom.—*Gazette*.

How do you know Hamlet had a bicycle? Because he said "watch over my safety while I sleep."—*Ex.*

The Riverview Student is published by the cadets of Riverview Military Academy, and is a fine paper throughout.

The Roxbury Enterprise has entered on its seventh volume. When we reach that stage we shall feel quite old.

The Reflector of New Britain has a very fine Girls' Department. The subject this month is "Queen Elizabeth."

The '96 Reporter would improve its appearance by cutting down the size of the paper and making use of more pages. The October number contains an article entitled "The Trials of a Girl." Boys who think that "girls are perfectly happy and don't know what trials are" should read this, and they certainly would be convinced of the contrary.

"Can I get some insurance?" asked the consumptive man. "Not on your life," said the insurance man.—*Ex.*

For days I flunked, at last I plugged,  
And well my lessons knew;  
Light-hearted I went up to class;—  
That man gave us review.—*Ex.*

How to handle a red-hot iron—wait till it cools.—*Ex.*

The *Aegis* is a neat paper and a credit to its managers.

The best written article in *The Oracle*, Bellows Falls, is "My First School."

*The Magnet* contains a sketch on Eugene Field, the poet who died in November. We also find in connection with this two of his short poems.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Radiator* of New Haven, is well patronized with advertisements.

"I hate these bicycles built for two," said Miss Jennison; "it encourages people to talk behind your back."—*Ex.*

*The Register* contains several original poems, which shows that the scholars are not all prosy.

We wish to congratulate the *Argus*, Harrisburg, on the success of their Thanksgiving edition.

The Hermonite comes this month for the first time. We are very glad to welcome it, and sincerely hope it will not be the last time.

The D. H. S. Item gives us the interesting fact that the game of checkers is at least four thousand years old.

"Ah, goo, ah, gah! Bglb, glb, bah, hah!" cried the baby. "By Jove, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed the delighted papa, "If he hasn't got our old college yell of '91, I'm a ghost!"—*Ex.*

We consider the Central Luminary an excellent paper, but would it not be even better if the part assigned for the Exchange notes was not entirely devoted to jokes?

The Somerville Radiator contains as a frontispiece a picture of their English High school. We congratulate them on having such a fine school.

Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?"

Willie—"Yep, she's made up her mind and she's making up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."

The Westfield News and the Calendar are excellent papers both inside and outside.

Our store is widely known as the **Headquarters** for good useful and economical goods. A walk through it will reveal a variety of goods such as everybody wants and make selections easy. Our full stock of

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